11632 aaa 64

A

Practical Improvement

OF THE

Divinity and Atonement of JESUS,

Attempted in Verſe;

Humbly offered as a SUPPLEMENT to the Tracts lately publiſhed by

Mr. Cayley, the Rev. Mr. Morgan, Verus and Biblicus.

By PHILAGATHUS.

Cor micat: exultant trepidis præcordia fibris
Eructantque novum gravido de pectore carmen:
Certat lingua animum fando, manus æmula linguam
Scribendo exæquare, meo nova carmina Regi.
Buchanan. Pſ. xlv. 1.

HALIFAX: Printed by E. JACOB, for the Author. 1772

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following lines neither deſigned that they ſhould be, nor pretends that they are, properly *argumentative*. The proof of the glorious doctrines of the *Divinity* and *Atonement* of our bleſſed Lord, at leaſt, ſo far as is neceſſary for the unlearned, and the poor, may be found in the Tracts mentioned in the *Title-page*. It is only deſigned here to point out in ſome faint manner, the Importance and excellency of theſe doctrines; leſt they ſhould be (as they too often are,) eſteemed matters of little weight, and only ſpeculative notions; whereas they yield the richeſt conſolation to the Believer, and ſhould therefore be eſteemed by him, more valuable than all the treaſures of the *Indies*,—than all worlds. The Author pretends to little ſkill in *Poetry*, as it is a ſubject on which he ſeldom employs a ſingle thought. Therefore, let nothing here be expected to pleaſe the *Critic*. He has paid little regard to Method; but has put down his thoughts as they occurred. If any pleaſing Impreſſion be made on the mind of the ſimple honeſt reader, that he LOVE *the Truth* more ardently, and abide by it more firmly, to his own edification and the praiſe of the dear, *dear* IMMANUEL; it will be a cauſe of Joy and pleaſure, to

PHILAGATHUS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

Practical Improvement, &c.

IMmortal Spirit! breathe: a worm implores.
Aſſiſt to ſing the name that heav'n adores!
The dear IMMANUEL's *a* name, who on the tree,
Suffer'd and bled for wretched worms like me.
I ſing his *names*, his works, his pow'r and love.
Extoll'd by all the radiant hoſts above. *b*
JEHOVAH is his name: *c* The *ſource of life*,
Let all who live join in a ſacred ſtrife;
Let holy emulation fire our ſouls,
To ſpread his fame far as the diſtant poles.
Let all in heav'n and earth, as one conſpire,
Infants ſhall liſp, and Gabriel tune his Lyre.

---

a Iſai. vii. 14. Matt. i. 23. *b* Phil. ii. 11. Rev. v. 9.—14. *c* Iſai. xliii. 3. Jer. xxiii. 6.

Our tongues he form'd. Our tongues ſhall ſpeak his praiſe.
Our breath he gives. Let each his honour raiſe:
O were we ſkill'd in more harmonious lays.

Our dear Redeemer is the MIGHTY GOD. *d*
Yet dy'd to ranſom ſinners with his blood. *e*
Deſtruction is our due. The curſe he bore. *f*
Believing ſouls are now condemn'd no more. *g*
O let our ev'ry pow'r his praiſe proclaim:
Join, men and angels to adore the Lamb.
Ye trembling ſinners, liſt your down-caſt eyes.
Behold IMMANUEL hang 'twixt earth and ſkies. *h*
And let your ſouls in ſacred courage riſe.
For *you* he hangs there—there he bleeds and groans:
To raiſe the heirs of hell to heav'nly crowns
And place the rebels vile on everlaſting thrones.
The blood of God can cleanſe the fouleſt ſins.
The blood of God a free ſalvation brings.
Salvation free to all whoſe ſouls confide
In that atonement made when Jeſus dy'd.
Ho all ye thirſty ſouls! draw near and buy. *i*
Mercy is here—ſinners, why will ye die?

---

d Iſai. ix. 6. *e* Compare Acts xxvii. 20. 1 John iii. 16. *f* Gal. iii. 10, 13. *g* Joh. iii. 18. *h* Matt. xxvii. 35. Col. i 20. *i* Iſai. lv. 1.

Come

Come to the flowing, living waters, come!
Nor fear deſerved hell ſhall be your doom.
The feaſt is free, and Chriſt hath made you room.
His arms are open, gladly he receives
The wretched ſinner who on him believes.
" Nor will I caſt him out," the Lord declares : *k*
" Who truſts my blood, his ſoul my pity ſpares."
" Nor ſhall he die, but live thro' endleſs years." *l*
Ye happy ſouls! who have thro' grace believ'd;
Who *reconciliation* *m* have receiv'd,
Be ſtedfaſt in the faith, to Jeſus cleave, *n*
And high in climes of bliſs with Jeſus live.
Behold the fulneſs of your Saviour's hand!
Bleſſings immenſely rich ſhall he command;
And all your need ſupply.——
He gave himſelf.—What can his love deny?
In fierceſt combats with infernal foes,
Truſt in your Saviour-God. Your Saviour knows
Your weakneſs all, and undertakes your cauſe.
What pow'r can him withſtand? In vain
The ſchemes of hell—he will your cauſe maintain. *o*

---

k John. vi. 37. *l* John. xi. 25, 26.
m So the word *katallagên* tranſlated atonement, properly ſignifies. *n* Acts xi. 23. xiv. 22.
o Iſai. liv. 17.

If by correction from your God, you mourn,
Why ſhould you murmur? Think how Chriſt was torn,
Was torn for *you*, by hell's invented thorn. *p*
And the keen ſcourges, and envenom'd nail,
To raiſe your ſouls to heav'n.—Nor will he fail
To help you in the hour of deep diſtreſs:
His hand omnipotent—ſufficient is his grace. *q*
Fear not the pow'r of death: his ſting is drawn. *r*
Pardon obtain'd, and pow'r divine ſent down
From Jeſus, ſeated on his heav'nly throne.
Ev'n pow'r in *death*, to ſing amidſt the gloom,
In view of your inheritance at home,
Reſerved ſafe for you, till Chriſt your Lord ſhall come.
Then ſhall you take your ſeat with Chriſt your head;
Where joys for ever laſt, where death itſelf is dead.
O think of this, ye ſaints, while in the vale of tears,
And let your joys increaſe, as you increaſe in years.

Jeſus your Saviour is the KING OF KINGS, *s*
'Tis his Almighty arm your ſafety brings.

---

p Matt. xxvi. 29, 30. *q* 2 Cor. xii 9.
r 1 Cor. xv. 55, 56. *s* Rev. xix. 16.

Princes and Potentates ſhall ſink to death,
Or to the darkeſt gloom of hell beneath,
Blaſted with your all-conqu'ring Saviour's breath,
Rather than hurt your ſouls. Nor all the pow'rs of hell
Shall wage ſucceſsful war with your IMMANUEL.

Jeſus is LORD OF HOSTS, *t* he reigns in light,
His hand, poſſeſt of pow'r and boundleſs night,
Conſigns the wicked to eternal might.
He is the LORD OF HOSTS: *u* bleſt Gabriel brings
His homage to his feet, and while he ſings,
He bows, and hides his face beneath his wings.
The hoſts of men below are in his hand;
Nor legions of infernal fiends can him withſtand.
Truſt him, ye ſaints, lift up your hearts before him,
Think of his ſovereign pow'r, and let your ſouls adore him.

He ſees our inmoſt thoughts; *w* ye ſinners fear!
How will ye ſtand at his tremendous bar?
Ye ſaints, rejoice! your upright hearts he knows.
He is the *judge*, *x* and will defend your cauſe.
Tho' now accus'd of falſehood and deceit,

t ib. *u* Mat. vii. 1, 2, 3, which Jeſus applies to himſelf, John xii. 41. *w* Rev. ii. 23.
x Acts xvii. 31. Rom. xiv. 10.

At

At that dread day muſt your accuſers meet
The *Judge your friend.* He ſhall pronounce you clear
And make you innocence and truth appear.
Commit your ways to him, nor fear the frown
Of mightieſt foes; his hand ſhall bring them down;
And place on your deſpiſed heads a never-fading crown.
O reſt ſecure in him 'till the great judgment day,
He'll own you then, and all your wrongs repay.

He *worlds ſupports*, *y* by his all-pow'rful world,
Let all creation own him ſovereign Lord!
Ye ſinners tremble! ſhould he let you fall,
Down to the gloomy pit, 'twill be in vain to call
For mercy at his hand. Your dye is caſt!
Nor ſhall your groans and torments e'er be paſt.
O flee in time! flee to the Saviour's blood:
'Tis this alone can give you peace with God.
Ye ſaints that love his name, indulge your joy:
If he ſupport, what pow'r can e'er deſtroy?
The whole creation feels his ſovereign hand;
Creation all is under his command,
His word ſupreme makes all things move or ſtand.
Be ſtill ſays he—the winds and waves obey *z*
His ſovereign word can huſh the raging ſea
His ſovereign word can drive your griefs away.

y Heb. i. *z* Matt. viii. 26 Mark iv. 39

Pour

Pour out, then all your woes before his throne:
He only ſpeaks, and all your woes are gone.
Devils themſelves have own'd his mighty pow'r.
Be gone ſaye he.—Devils reſiſt no more. *a*
Muzzled † at the Redeemer's great command,
Silent, they flee, nor longer dare withſtand.
Thus all your plagues, ye ſaints, can he expell,
And drive your foes infernal back to hell.
O truſt his pow'r, nor fear the tyrant's frown,
His mighty hand can cruſh the tyrants down.
'Tis he provides ſupplies in all your need.
Five thouſand by his ſovereign mandate feed. *b*
Theſe well ſuffic'd, the fragments that remain,
Are ſtill increas'd; thouſands may feed again.
O truſt him then, in all your ſtraits, ye poor!
His ſovereign hand can well enlarge your ſtore.
By thouſand means he knows to give you more.
Immenſe his preſence. Heav'n, and earth, and hell,
All feal the pow'r of our IMMANUEL.
But in the *humble ſoul* *c* he takes delight to dwell.
Pleas'd, he attends th' aſſemblies of his ſaints; *d*
And kindly hears their pray'rs & their complaints.

---

a Mark i. 25, 34. † The ſtrong and majeſtic word by which Jeſus ſtilled the roaring of Devils, and the raging of the ſea, primarily ſignifies, *Be muzzled.*

b Mark vi. 40, 45. *c* Compare Iſai. lvii. 15. Rom. viii. 9, 10. *d* Matt. xxviii. 20. John xvi. 13.

If

If only two or three draw near his throne, *e*
Jeſus is there, and pities ev'ry moan,
And makes among them, his ſalvation known.
Beware ye hypocrites! of his all-ſearching eye:
He hates deceit; and if he frown ye die!
Draw near, ye ſaints! with ſacred joy, draw near:
Jeſus, your Lord, delights your voice to hear. *f*
In vain attempts, your foes their pow'r employ:
Jeſus will help; your hearts ſhall leap for joy.

ETERNAL *are his days*; the *firſt* the *laſt*, *g*
Ere circling years began, when circling years are paſt.
Nor knows to change our dear All-mighty Saviour;
To-day as yeſterday, and is the ſame for ever. *h*
The blood that thouſands ſav'd in ages gone,
Shall thouſands ſave in ages yet to come.
The love that ever fill'd IMMANUEL's breaſt,
Still flames to all his ſaints by ills oppreſt;
And flame it will 'till each enjoy his reſt.
His un-fatigu'd right hand their ſouls defends,
Nor e'er ſhall be unſtretch'd till all their trouble ends.
Adore, our joyful ſouls, the Lord, the Lamb!
Awake, our tongues, his matchleſs grace proclaim!
And all our pow'rs exalt his wond'rous name!

Ye goſpel-heralds, raiſe your voices loud;
Be bold to own our dear Redeeming- God.
Nor thouſand foes ſhall make your ſouls afraid
IMMANUEL's mighty arm ſhall be your aid.

---

e Matt. xviii. 20. *f* Song. ii. 14. *g* Rev. i. 2, 17, ii. 8. xxii. 13. *h* Heb. xiii. 8.

IM.

IMMANUEL's arm ſhall make your foes to fall:
IMMANUEL's arm ſhall well ſupport you all.
His pow'r ſhall clothe your words: his pow'r ſhall bring
Rebellious ſinners to adore their king.
Sinners, with joy, ſhall ſpeak his name abroad;
And ſing the virtue of redeeming blood.
The blood that did for ſcarlet crimes atone:
The blood that brings the guilty near the throne.
The throne of grace—where pardons are receiv'd;
And needy, helpleſs creatures are reliev'd.
Salvation thro' that blood with zeal proclaim;
Full, free ſalvation, in the Saviour's name.
Salvation for the worſt of human race,
Who come to Jeſus, to be ſav'd by grace.
May all around enjoy this great ſalvation!
Jeſus, thy name declare thro' ev'ry nation!
Thy wond'rous, precious, healing name declare!
Thy name the balm of all our grief and care!
Thy name we'll ſpeak while our glad tongues can move;
Thy name we'll ſing, in yonder worlds above;
Nor tire, thro' endleſs years, to tell of all thy love.

Join, CLEMENS † join, the work is all divine,
Sweet and delightful! Make your talents ſhine
On this enam'ring theme! Your pow'rs exert.
Think of the great Redeemer's bleeding heart!

---

† The ingenious writer who has lately undertook to oppoſe the doctrines of the Divinity and Atonement of Jeſus Chriſt, with great art and aſſiduity, gives himſelf the name CLEMENS.

That

That heart which bled for ſins of crimſon dye;
That blood which God declares doth juſtify
The vileſt Rebels, who on Chriſt believe,
And peace, and holineſs, and joy doth give.
In accents grand, proclaim the Saviour dear:
The Saviour, Sir, proclaim; O let us hear
No more of human dignity and pow'r,
Nor teach our fooliſh minds in vain conceits to tow'r
Sinners are loſt, and wretched, poor and blind; †
This, CLEMENS, is the caſe of all mankind.
'Tis *Jeſus* can the ruin'd mind reſtore:
'Tis only *Jeſus* can enrich the poor.
To *Jeſus*, like his harbinger of old,
Point all your flock, and ſay the Lamb behold. ‡
Jeſus, the Lamb, who offer'd up his blood,
To take away your ſin, and bring you near to God.
Thus owning Jeſus, he your work will own:
Divine ſucceſs ſhall then your labours crown.
Sinners ſhall know, and ſing the Saviour's love.
You, under Chriſt, ſhall lead them to the realms above.
To thoſe bleſt realms, where praiſe is giv'n to God,
And to the ſlaughter'd Lamb, who by his blood, §
Our ſouls redeem'd from ſin and death and hell.
May CLEMENS, with his people, there for ever dwell!

---

† Rev. iii. 17, 18. ‡ John i. 20 § Rev. v. 9, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM G NO73

THE END.